



DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING.

AT CADIZ, SEPTEMBER 5, 1844.

We take great pleasure in informing the Democracy of Harrison county, that there will be a **GRAND RALLY OF THE ENTIRE DEMOCRACY OF HARRISON COUNTY**, at Cadiz, on Thursday, the 5th of September, 1844.

COL. DAVID TOD, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, will be with us on that occasion, for certain, and invitations will be extended to

HON. WILLIAM ALLEN,
HON. JOHN BROUGH,
and many other distinguished speakers, whose names will be announced hereafter in large bills, as well as in the Sentinel.

For the Cadiz Sentinel.

THE LATE COON FARCE.

Mr. Editor—Inasmuch as you were not present, on Thursday evening last, to witness the return of the Cadiz Whig Delegation from Steubenville, I take the liberty to address a few lines to you, and through you to the readers of the Cadiz Sentinel, to let the people throughout the county know something about the beauties of whiggery in the town of Cadiz.

It is well known that the coons, for some time past, have been using every effort to get up an excitement in politics, in order to awaken and arouse the drooping spirits of their sinking party—vainly hoping to stir up the spirit and enthusiasm of '40—knowing that whiggery flourishes best when the nation is convulsed with political agitation. Public meetings have been announced by their party presses, whig stummers imported from abroad, and lies wholesale and without number put forth to their auditors. The passions and prejudices of the people have been appealed to, by exhibiting and making frequent mention of the emblems of whiggery, and false issues have been made in regard to the great questions of the Tariff, the Banks, and the Annexation of Texas—unsuccessfully attempting to array the people and interests of the North against those of the South. And who has not witnessed the pious scene of the Whig Band, on the eve of a whig meeting, assembled at the corner of the public square, playing some sprightly airs, for the purpose of attracting a crowd, that whiggery might thereby be furnished with a reasonable number of persons to carry on the meeting? The whigs are aware that their numbers are becoming more and more thinned at each succeeding meeting, by desertions from their ranks, and by the lukewarmness of the honest, thinking portion of their party to contribute their influence and support to elevate a blackleg, a duellist, a traitor, a perjurer, bankrupt Federalist in the person of Henry Clay, to the Presidency: hence the necessity of resorting to such means to keep up a false show of the zeal and enthusiasm of whiggery! After a number of boys and some half a dozen of the "sable sons of Congo" have been gathered out of curiosity and anxiety to know what is going on, the band escorts them into the Court House, where they are addressed by a man called "peel-leg Jake," alias, "that same old coon," or some other person who is able to cockade his mamma, a few death groans are offered by way of applause, and the people are dismissed, and the next thing that meets your eye is a long editorial article in one of the coon sheets, purporting to be a description of the immense crowd and enthusiasm of the meeting, headed with the bold caption "TREMENDOUS OUTPOURING OF THE WHIGS—A REAL SOUL-STIRRER!" And this is the way they intend to convince the weak and wavering of the popularity of Henry Clay! Oh, trumpety—oh, coons!

Finding their exertions of no avail, a proposition is gotten up by the young federal wisecracks of Cadiz, to attend the Whig Mass Meeting at Steubenville, and that invitations be extended to such of the whig females as might feel disposed to overstep the bounds of female duty and propriety, to accompany them. A week's talk and bustle preparing carriages, banners, badges, &c., brought them to the hour of starting, which they did at 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 31st ult. Of the immodesty and indecorum of females coming out publicly and participating in party politics, by speech-making, cheering from doors and windows, and going twenty-five miles to attend and mingle in a drunken coon carousal, it is not my intention to speak, on account of the respect and forbearance I hold for the gentleness; but let the remorse of a smitten conscience teach those persons, who proposed and prevailed on them to do so, how to conduct themselves better hereafter.

On the evening of the 1st instant, the time for the expected return of the Cadiz Delegation, a number of persons assembled at the corner of Market and Steubenville streets, to witness what was called the "arrival of the caravan!" All eyes were directed to the east, and at length it was announced that the Delegation was in sight—formed in procession, with flags unfurled and banners hoisted,

and about two dozens of boys and negroes went forth to meet them, and escorted them into town. As they approached the crowd, a dark, dingy flag was run up the popular pole, and three cheers were given for Clay and Frelinghuysen. The band wagon was filled with about a dozen sleepy coons, who tried to look cute as usual. Immediately behind it, was seen seated in a buggy by the side of a female, a thing in petticoats, with a body and two arms, a head without brains, right boots on, a white handkerchief dangling from a pocket, and a whip and laces in his hands. The night of this extraordinary personage was not more wonderful than the fact of his safe return. For, from the noise, preparation and excitement anxiety to be off, manifested by him for some days previous to his departure to Steubenville, in consequence of being appointed leader of the Delegation by the Clay Club, it was thought that he would not reach the Ohio river; but that the steam would rise so high as to col-

lapse a flue, and his physical boiler would burst, and produce a spontaneous combustion of mortality! Next in the rear followed eighteen or nineteen carriages with flags, which looked quite well. Several of the young men in these carriages wore blue badges,—in order, no doubt, to distinguish themselves as advocates in heart and principle of the doctrines of the blue-light, Hartford Convention federalists. It was thought that a black-cockade for each would have made the exhibition complete! At the rear end of the procession was a two-horse wagon loaded with about a dozen sickly-looking young coons—the smallest of all small fry. They had been selected for the occasion, as the choice spirits of the Cadiz Coon Glee Club, whose particular office, as their name imports, was to create fun and laughter by singing coon songs. This, I should judge, they were well calculated to do at home or abroad; for who could look upon such a ridiculous picture as they made in the Club wagon without laughing, if he felt disposed to ridicule, or without feelings of mortification and pity for the moral depravity of youth, if he thought for a moment on their meagre, licentious and debauched appearance? They had been exposed to a shower of rain, during the afternoon, which made their clothes stick dripping close to their bodies; and from observation, one would not doubt, that they were equally well soaked with something stronger within! For, as they moved along singing, or rather attempting to sing, "Oh, Polk! Polk and Dallas are a first rate yoke," their heads reeled and tottered fore and aft, like a tilt-hammer, or a young chicken dying of the gapes!

The procession moved down Market street to Gimlet Hill—returned—passed up Ohio street—crossed to Main, and moved slowly to the east. In the meantime, the Democrats had hoisted their flag, and as the whigs approach the tall, majestic young hickory, the Democratic flag bore aloft, waved proudly and triumphantly in the gentle breeze of even. The procession on reaching the little popular pole a second time, slackened tackle, and drew up at the corner of the public square in front of the Court House, where they were addressed from the stone wall by John A. Bingham. His remarks were principally intended to operate against the Cadiz Sentinel, which he said "was controlled by a band of blackguards." Now, it is an old maxim that "dirty sayings always come from dirty persons," and such a person as his hard phrases depicted out, I should have judged him to be, even had I not known him to be branded as a base, licentious blackguard before. It was thought by many he was robbing himself of hard names, and making a dreadful sacrifice of well earned titles! Wonder if this Johnny A. is the same truckling tool, who, in the fall of 1842, was threatened to be made the object of centre of attraction for a large portion of "rotten eggs with dead chickens in 'em," for blackguarding the citizens of New Philadelphia? Wonder if this is the same Johnny A., who was promised a free passage out of town on a rail, by the citizens of Dover, for a like offence, and only prevented their putting the threat into execution, by changing his whereabouts in time to save his bacon? Wonder if this is the same Johnny A., who, in political debate at Port Washington, last fall, writhed, frothed and foamed, like a fiend from Pluto's darkest regions, in consequence of being flayed alive by James Matthews the Congressional Representative of that District? Mr. Bingham, having lost all the confidence and respect of the people of Tuscarawas county, returns to Harrison, to vomit forth his federal slang to the citizens of Cadiz. Would it not be well for Johnny A. to take another six-day trip to the State of Maryland, before the fall election, and stump it for the coons by passing himself off as the "Buckeye stage-driever!" Surely if the example of Bear, the "Buckeye Blacksmith," was worthy of imitation in 1840, it is worthy of further imitation now!

After Mr. Bingham closed, the crowd dispersed, each coon, no doubt, returning to his own fireside with feelings of mortification and regret, at the foolish trip and display they had made. Thus closed the scene—*sic transit gloria whiggery!*

For the Cadiz Sentinel.

J. A. Bingham's Monodramatic Farce Indescribable.

We have seen repeated notices in some of our eastern papers, of the gravity with which Henry Placide when he acts Bambastros Furioso bangs his boots upon the tree in token of defiance to all the world, as a thing infinitely amusing. It is said he performs the solemn foolery of the scene, with an air of mock heroism that vastly increases its effect upon the risible muscles of his audience. But in whatever esteem Placide may hereafter have been held, as the best actor of such parts on the stage, he is surely far surpassed by one who has recently appeared on another theatre, in our immediate vicinity. The Bambastros of Placide, we think, would certainly sink into tanniness if compared with the Bombast of John A. Bingham, Esq.

All who relish the superlative in burlesque ought to witness this gentleman's next appearance on the stone wall before our court house. Should he a second time be called upon to address "a masculine feminine or fonnine masculine" travelling whig Fandangos, under what Carlyle would in his more graphic language term—full "fan farade."

The performance referred to took place last Thursday evening before a pretty considerable audience, who testified their approbation in all the usual modes of theatrical and whig applause.

We do not know precisely what to term the entertainment, whether tragedy, comedy or history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, pastoral-historical, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited. There is no designation in any catalogue, that we have ever seen, that will exactly meet this curious monodramatic drama; and therefore, we name it the "monodramatic farce indescribable." It is to be regretted, that it could not have been so devised, as to have afforded a part to some others, that have since manifested an over-weening anxiety to figure, that were then compelled to play the mutes and audience to the swelling act. If the piece could have been moulded somewhat after the fashion of Collins's "ode on the passions," there was through two days fretting and chafing was eminently qualified to personate Anger, as there are few who can blow a blast "so loud and so dread" on the war denouncing trumpet. But so far as anything of this passion manifested itself right out, Mr. Matthews F. Mallernee, my Landlord in specks, was equally qualified and could have doubled and performed capably both Anger and Revenge. His "eyes on fire" and "withering looks" with occasional sputterings merited some praise even as it was. The piece however was evidently got up in haste, and was so arranged as to admit of but one prominent actor. It was cast in the form of a monologue or one speech, entrusting the whole performance to John A. Bingham, Esq., in the character known to the legal profession as the *communis rixator*, in which he frenzied with anger and in her rage, breaks forth in railing against some of the boys for having taken some unjustifiable privileges with her daughters. And

the plans was most fully selected of all in Town, for representing the grand mock-heroical, tragical-comical, Bombastical, Farce indescribable. In order to get a faint idea of the scene, let it be understood that the "Cadiz Whig Band," with a considerable retinue of young men and young women in some twenty buggies, with a flag "floating in the breeze" from each one, after two days' absence, all the way to Steubenville and back, with the flying colors in furtherance of the glorious cause, the promotion of their "HARRY" are about making their debut into town. The Band lead, fan-faradeing and piping to pace and time, while the rear is driven up by a two horse coal wagon in the bed of which are seated some dozen of boys; which they denominated a choir of singers, hoarsely chanting in sorry concordance the most logabrious doggeral. Having cut a circle around a square of the town, they were rounded near the "popular pole," and immediately adjacent the stone wall something after the manner of the "grand entry" of a Circus, though contrary to custom in this the Clown came foremost. Take note: This part of the grand display was under the immediate command of my Landlord in specks, whose intrepid daring would have won him imperishable honors in days of Chivalry. Sancho's tilt at the wind mills was no touch to his! Suddenly and once they vociferate Bingham! Bingham! Bingham! He soon takes the stand, all female eyes are turned evincing as they peer out on him the thought, "we are now to receive in living language in symphonious strains and sibilant tones the golden thanks and heart felt gratitude rarely expressed; for the loan of our countenances and our ten thousand smiles that have sweated the labours in the 'glorious cause.' But astonishment soon pervades all. He begins and for the period of half an hour strained to the key of the Bombastical, fire, fire, fire, fire, on the Hypocrite! Fair Ladies! Detraction bathed in the sossopol of licentiousness and drunk with the stygian waters, has breathed his ribald breath against you. Calumny his twin brother and ever allied has dipped his pen in the infernal black ink and in your absence has been busily inditing his vampire strains in derogation of your unblemished characters. Some invidious wretch the incarnation of the twin while you were away on your labours" he endeavored to asperse your fair fame and the fairest act of your lives. The making and presenting of yonder flag to the gallant Band by calling it a "dimsey gift," a bold adventure; and has heralded it forth, to the public through the filthy and mendacious columns of the Sentinel. And that over the signature of the letter S. No doubt it was the initial letter of his real name.

About this time the Ladies looked somewhat frightened, and seemed as though they thought their reputations were sullied and some of them looked at the undersigned, and appeared to be ready to exclaim: O! Sharrow! what have you been saying about me!

But one thing was certain, it is the initial letter of his real character and that is Scoundrel. So three cheers for the Ladies of Cadiz, and then two cheers in the muddy groan for Peppard and Sharon. Thus indignation so magniloquently expressed evaporates like the "bodiless enjoyment" described in Manfred.

—Born and dying
With the blast tone that made it." J. SHARON.

*That sentence was made use of by the speaker in the order it stands.

From the N. O. Commercial Bulletin.

GREAT BRITAIN AND TEXAS.

A curious correspondence has taken place, and has been published by authority of the Texan Government, between Captain Elliott, the British Charge d'Affairs in Texas, and Hon. Anson Jones, the Texan Secretary of State. The concluding letter of this correspondence shows:

1st. The extreme anxiety of the British Government with regard to the negotiations pending between the United States and Texas, and its desire to thwart them.

2d. That the influence (or authority) of the British Government, is exercised in Mexico to prevent a settlement of difficulties between Mexico and Texas, except on condition that the latter will "give assurances" not to consent to be annexed to the United States.

3d. That every possible inducement will be held out in Texas, and every possible obstacle in her way, to prevent the incorporation of Texas into the Federal Union; and especially that a reconciliation will speedily be procured between Mexico and Texas, on a basis conformable to British policy, if Texas can be persuaded to relinquish the project of Annexation.

4th. That the question of Annexation is essentially and entirely a question between the United States and Great Britain, and whether American or English politics shall prevail on this continent.

There is one point betrayed in the first letter of Capt. Elliott, which we were not before acquainted with, and which is remarkable. The reader will recollect that the United States, on the solicitation of Texas, proposed to the English and French Governments, that the three Governments should interpose jointly to procure a treaty of peace and recognition of independence between Mexico and Texas, and that England declined the proposition, but immediately "put herself forward" to procure a settlement on their own terms. It appears now, from Capt. Elliott's letter to Mr. Jones, that after this refusal to unite with France and the United States, England made her proposals to the belligerent States between which she was interposing, put her plans, as was supposed, in a proper train, and they effected a junction with, and the co-operation of France without reference to the United States.

We say nothing of the discourtesy implied in this extraordinary procedure. More serious considerations grow out of it. It indicates a foregone determination on the part of Great Britain:

1st. To supplant the influence of the American Government in the States of Mexico and Texas.

2d. To effect a settlement of the difficulties between those States, on a basis that it was known the United States could not concur in.

3d. To stop, if possible, by a combination of European powers, the further progress of American institutions and influence; and

4th. To introduce into this continent the European system of officious interference and intermeddling, to the detriment of this Government, and contrary to its true policy and position.

EPICRAM.

To beat our Jimmy Polk,
Whips find it no joke,
(You very well know the secret's poison)
At the idea of November,
Now all please remember,
'Twill physic Clay and Frelinghuysen.

It was JAMES K. POLK, who declared on the floor of Congress in the memorable panic session. The question, Mr. Speaker, is whether we shall have a republic without a bank, or a bank without a republic.—*Dem. Union.*

From the N. Y. Democrat.

Changes in High Quarters.

Let us present the names of some of the Harrison electors of 1840, who have announced their determination to vote for Polk and Dallas in 1844.
Hon. WAGER WEDDEN, of R. I.
Hon. PETER PIERCE, of Conn.
Hon. GUILLAN C. VERPLANCE, of N. Y.
DAVID STUART, of Md.
R. KIDDER MEADE, of Pa.

Now let us add some late whig member of Congress, who are whigs no longer, but advocates of the democratic cause.
Hon. S. G. GHOLSON, of Va., now one of the judges of the supreme court.

Hon. JAMES GARLAND, of Va.
Hon. JULIUS C. ALVORD, of Georgia, one of the ablest whig stump speakers of 1840, known as "the great war-horse."

Hon. ABRAHAM H. CHAPPELL, of Georgia, elected on the whig ticket last fall by a large majority to the present Congress.

Hon. GEORGE W. CRABB, of Alabama, one of the most popular men in the State.

In Indiana, among many others, we have Major MACE and Judge LILLESTON, who were whig candidates for Congress last summer.

General FELIX HOUSTON, one of the most powerful popular orators in the Southwest.

JOHN M. GREGORY, late acting Governor of Virginia.

It has been said, without any contradiction so far as we know, that Ex-Governor RITNER, of Pennsylvania, and THOMAS H. BURROWS, his Secretary of State, men of great influence with the anti-masonic branch of the whig party, have, at all events, refused to support Clay, if they have not come out for Polk.

It is well known that JOHN V. L. McMAHON, who was decidedly the most effective orator in his State, as he is indeed one of the most eloquent men in the country, will never support Henry Clay. Before long, we hope to hear the "hammer-tongued" tones of his voice once more raised, as they were in the glorious campaign of '28, against Adams and Clay, and for POLK and DALLAS.

ROBERT L. BRENT, ESQ., of this city.—This gentleman, of fine legal attainments, and excellent oratorical abilities, has recently foregone all further connection with the coon party. He has heretofore been a warm and decided opponent of democratic men and measures. But the vacillating course of Mr. Clay, and the utter absence of consistency in the coon party—their countenance of fraud, and introduction of new measures, have induced unprejudice and proper reflection upon the merits and demerits of the two parties, and he has, after serious and conscientious consideration, adjured the coon party forever. The speech which he delivered to the great meeting of the democrats of the Third ward, on Thursday last, was excellent, argumentative, and effective; and we are told that his address at the great harvest home meeting in Baltimore county, on Monday last, was characterized by powerful reasoning, excellent declamation, and whole-souled determination, to be unshrinking and unflinching in his efforts in behalf of Polk, Dallas, Carroll, and victory. We welcome him with warm hearts to our ranks, in the name of the Maryland democracy.—*Balt. Rep.*

Hear Them.

The Cleveland Herald, as copied into the Journal, says:

"The election for members of the Legislature is very important, and should not be lost sight of by any whig for a moment."

We have our serious doubts whether the whole of the whigs of our State desire their party to get a majority in the Legislature, to fasten upon the State the monstrous banking projects of last winter, to which they are pledged. The farmers and tax payers of Ohio will stop and ponder over the consequences of involving the State in a debt of millions to bank on. The holders of real estate do not desire it mortgaged for the benefit of brokers and speculators. That class of men have had their harvest of plucking the people, and short-sighted indeed must they be, to give them the reins again in Ohio. Could they have succeeded in humbugging the people, the banks of Ohio would have been yet in a state of suspension, and the people paying from ten to twenty per cent. discount and exchanges, all too, we should have been told, for the want of a U. S. Bank!—Such is whiggery!—*Statesman.*

Henry Clay an enemy to free discussion.

The whig party, in this section of the country at all events, have ever claimed to be the exclusive friends and advocates of free discussion and the right of petition. As faithful and vigilant sentinels of the people's rights, they have lost no occasion to denounce any man who would attempt to deny the people the right of free discussion, as unfit to enjoy their confidence either through an elevation to office or otherwise. Yet now, with characteristic inconsistency, they seek to elevate just such a man to the highest office in the people's gift. Hear Henry Clay's own words:

"Discussion implies deliberation; deliberation is preliminary to action. The people of the North have no right to act upon the subject of southern slavery, and therefore THEY HAVE NO RIGHT TO DELIBERATE.—NO RIGHT TO DISCUSS!"—*Clay's Speech, 1837.*

Let the blustering coons dwell on that a while. Stop men's mouths, eh! That is a new doctrine. "NO RIGHT TO DELIBERATE.—NO RIGHT TO DISCUSS!" Go it, abolition coonery!—*Statesman.*

"THE DICTATOR."—It will not be denied, and must be admitted by all, that Henry Clay is well suited for a "dictator," and not at all qualified for a servant of the people, for he has even dictated to his followers as imperiously as a spoiled coquette. He never obeyed his constituents. In two instances he most signally disobeyed them. When in Congress, he voted for Mr. Adams against General Jackson for President. The legislature of his State, by a vote of 69 to 21, requested him to vote for General Jackson, and that said legislature, by a vote of 73 to 11, declared that Andrew Jackson was the choice of the people of Kentucky.

He voted against the repeal of the late bankrupt law, in direct violation of the known will of his constituents. Truly he is unfit for a servant of the people.—*Arkansas Intelligencer.*

General Jackson says: "I think Polk and Dallas will get twenty States, if not twenty-two, out of the twenty-six." Very few would be disposed to doubt this, if they could see what a scrambling there is from the Clay ranks at the South and West. They are leaving the "old coon" almost solitary and alone; and he'll soon be compelled to take a tree or seek refuge among some of the Hartford conventionists in New England.—*Belfast Journal.*

Henry Clay has never carried the State of New York, and what is more, he never can or will. To use the language of Mr. Frelinghuysen, "The atrocious murder of Cilley," and the "seven deadly sins" of his green old age, will not be forgotten, however lightly the offences of youthful days might be some regarded.—*Troy Budget.*

The Duellist and Anti-duellist.

Under this head the Albany Argus draws this contrast between the associations of the coon ticket for the presidency and vice presidency: "Mr. CLAY, by his own confession, 'sketched' the challenge which resulted in the death of Cilley. This identical 'sketch,' Mr. Wise says, was copied and borne by him to Mr. Cilley. Mr. Clay, therefore, penned the original challenge which called Mr. Cilley to the bloody field."

"Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN denounced that act at the time, as MURDER, as instigated by a murderous spirit, and in defence of the laws of God and the institutions of a Christian people!"

"And yet, Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN now consents to stand as 'second' to the man who instigated, aided, and abetted, what he denounced as 'MURDER' in the 'high places and among the law-makers of the land,' and which he called on all men to wash their hands, in like manner, or to rest under much of the guilt of murder. In a word, such was his abhorrence of duelling and duellists in 1838, that he thought it criminal to remain silent under the then recent exhibition of the 'murderous spirit' at Washington. Now he stands associated on the same ticket with the man who was the chief adviser and counsellor in that 'Heaven-daring sin'—and consents directly to aid in his elevation to the highest place in the republic!"

"But will a 'Christian people' sanction the unnatural combination? Can they be induced to cast a vote which will count for both the duellist and the anti-duellist? Will they not indignantly spurn both?"

Carrying out their Principles.

It will be seen by the following from the Bay State Democrat that King and his satellites in Rhode Island have as little regard for pecuniary as political rights:

"A PRECIOUS SET OF SCOUNDRELS.—We are informed by a friend from Providence, that Lieutenant Martin, of the 'Cadeis,' a strong Arling company of Providence, who has been detected of forging the name of the mayor of that city to certain bank checks to the tune of several thousand dollars, has decamped, leaving his bondsman to 'step up to the captain's office and settle!' It will be remembered that the city clerk's accounts were found to be minus about \$8000, a short time since, and Gov. King is under twenty thousand dollars bonds for his bank exploits. What a precious set of scoundrels these Rhode Island Arlingers are! These men were all loud in their denunciations of the patriot Dorr. These three officials have prated much about Dorr's dishonesty. Lieutenant Martin! His honor the city clerk! and his excellency Gov. King!!!"

The Native Americans.—Of all the political parties ever established in this country, the native American faction is the most contemptible and proscriptive. They would have died before this if the whigs had not given them assistance and encouragement; but the native Americans, deriving their seed from the alien and sedition laws, are backed by the whigs, and continue in existence, a disgrace to the broad and philanthropic principles on which our free institutions are founded. Democracy can never sanction such stunted and prospective political organizations.—*Hartford Times.*

A Stumper and a Poker.—A gentleman, now at one of our principal hotels, has in vain sought for a whig who will cover thirty thousand dollars on the presidential election. He offers that sum in either of four ways, to try the faith of the Clay gentlemen who are always playing at brag. First, on a majority for Polk in Pennsylvania; second, on his majority in the general result of all the States. In either of these ways we understand thirty thousand dollars are offered in one sum, and ready to be produced at any moment. Where's Henry Clay and his backers? Here's a stumper for you!—*Plebeian.*

The Cleveland Plaindealer introduces a long chapter of changes as follows:

"NO CHANGES," EH?

Blow the trumpet, beat the drum;
The cry is still, "THEY COME! THEY COME!"

A Nation of Bothers.

"Don't believe it!" says the whigs. "There are no changes." "It is all a ruse!" Well, we thought and talked just so in 1840, when the whigs were crying "Changes! changes!"—but we found out our mistake, as they do now.

COMPLIMENT TO YOUNG HICKORY.—Here is what Horace Greely says under his own signature, in the Tribune:
"I notice that the Polk papers are very generally publishing a compliment I paid to their candidate some years since in a biography of Judge White, wherein they quote me as saying that Governor Polk was 'one of the ablest men and best stump speakers in the South-west.' Though I am sorry that any candidate for the Presidency needs bolstering up in this way, yet I take back nothing I have said."

JONATHAN H. GREEN, the founder and leader of the anti-gumming movement in Baltimore, is now in Kentucky, or was the last we heard from him, laboring successfully in the novel cause to which he has devoted his energies.

We hope he will not neglect to visit Ashland.—*Troy Budget.*

Who is James K. Polk?—*N. H. Palladium.*

Our next President.—*N. H. Register.*

CHEAPEST AND BEST BOOTS & SHOES.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for past favors, offers to his old customers and the public generally the latest and best assortment of Boots and Shoes, pumps and gaiters, and half gaiters, children's, &c., together with every article in his line of business ever offered in this market. He still continues to manufacture boots, shoes and every article in his line, in the neatest, cheapest and most fashionable style. He also keeps constantly on hand all kinds of leather, kid skins, men and women's morocco skins, lining and binding skins, spurs, whips, and all kinds of Shoemakers tools, and findings of every kind, and also a good assortment of trunks of different kinds, and a first rate assortment of brass clocks, shoe blacking, &c.—all of the above he pledges himself to sell as cheap as the cheapest. And if he cannot convince the purchaser he can do so, he will not ask them to buy, but would earnestly solicit those wishing to buy, to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to sell very low, particularly for cash as he has want of the article. He is still at his old stand on Market street.
J. W. WOOD.

N. B. He still continues the lively business, and having provided the best kind of carriages, and stock, for that business, he flatters himself he can accommodate the public to their satisfaction, as his terms shall be very reasonable.
S. S.

A most beautiful stock of entirely new style of prints, Gingham, Delaines, and Bombazines, at the new and cheap store of
J. F. WOOD.

30 PS. cambric cambric and jeans of every variety, just received and for sale low at the cheap store of
J. W. WOOD.

HARDWARE.—Of every description, just received and for sale low by
J. P. WOOD.

MRS. WIMER, OR

Another Remarkable Cure by using Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry Tree THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION!

AMONG all the famous Medicines for Consumption, none seems to be meeting with greater success, or gaining a higher reputation than that most wonderful article.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry! That it stands at the head of all other remedies is now universally conceded. It has cured thousands upon thousands of all classes—in cases of the most dangerous consumptive character. And physicians of the greatest eminence throughout our whole country, unhesitatingly recommend it as the

MOST POWERFUL CURATIVE of Pulmonary diseases in the whole range of Pharmacy. The Sales in the Western States have thus far been unparalleled; and the most gratifying proofs of its efficacy have been received from every place where it has been used. Thousands of CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS have attended to it, and in exalted virtues, and confessed its unsurpassed excellence and curative power. The remarkable success of this Balsam is no doubt owing in a great measure to the peculiarly agreeable and powerful nature of its ingredients. It is a

FINE HERBAL MEDICINE! Composed chiefly of WILD CHERRY BARK and the genuine ICELAND MOSS (the latter imported expressly for this purpose,) the rare medical virtues of which, are also combined with a new chemical process, with the Extract of Tar, thus rendering the whole compound the most certain and efficacious remedy ever discovered for

Consumption of the Lungs.

The following we have just received from Messrs. Joslin & Rowe, Druggists, in Newark, in this State, to whom it was communicated by John Wimer, Esq., a citizen of Burlington, Licking County, Ohio.

BURLINGTON, Licking Co., O., Dec. 1, 1843. Messrs. Joslin & Rowe:—At your request I herewith transmit to you a statement of the case of Mrs. Wimer and child, as near as I am able to communicate, which you are at liberty to publish if you see fit, as I feel a desire to inform the world of the effects of taken of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, upon her case, to which, by the divine blessing, I am indebted for the restoration to health of my wife and child.

About five years ago Mrs. Wimer was attacked with a violent cough, pain in the chest and side, and symptoms of approaching consumption. During the intervals from that time to sometime in Feb. last, she had been treated by eminent Physicians from Utica, Sylvania, Homer, Chatham, and Newark, and with only partial relief of the most urgent symptoms. About one year ago she caught a violent cold, which ended in the Lungs, producing an alarming aggravation of all her previous symptoms. Her Physician was sent for, and despite his best efforts, she began rapidly to sink under her disease. Cough, Expectoration, hectic, together with night sweats, soon reduced her to a complete skeleton. In Feb. last, her attending Physician, deemed her case altogether hopeless, a funeral was ordered, and the funeral preparations were made, and she was pronounced dead to be beyond the reach of means, and expressed their opinion that she could survive but a short time, one or two weeks at the most.—She was at this time entirely confined to her bed, and scarcely able to articulate, except in a whisper. Her daily paroxysms of coughing would last her uninterruptedly from three to five hours, and so severe were they, that we did expect that every paroxysm would be the last. The Physicians in council, pronounced her Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Spine, and Muscles, Membrane of the Stomach to be incurably diseased. It was at this last extremity, that I determined to obtain a pamphlet describing Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, as applicable to Lung affections. We immediately sent to you and procured a bottle, and commenced its use at evening by giving her one teaspoonful, and such was the surprising effect, that she